

HOMESPUN



TAR HEELS

WILLS

HOMESPUN

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Contents

FRONTISPIECE.....Anna Wills

THE WEAVE

A Poet Sees (*Verse*).....Harry Grayson
Steel.....Nancy Hudson
Portrait of a North Carolina Town..Manie Leake Parsons
Three Men (*Verse*).....Nancy Hudson
When the Ships Come In.....Nancy Hudson

COLORS IN THE WEAVE

The Money-Crop (*Verse*)W. B. Davis
Allan Byrth.....Edith Latham
Old Spunk Skippy.....Nathan Lipscomb
Mr. Cole, the Potter.....Isaac Gregory
"Aunt Minerva".....Lucille Hinton
One of the Older School.....Frank Abernethy
A Vignette.....Hal L. Justice
Just "Honey".....Mary Louise Stone

WARP AND WOOF.....Edgerton, Gregory, Clements

TANGLED THREADS

Smoke (*Verse*).....Isaac Gregory
Through Darkness.....William Edgerton
Beyond My Grasp (*Verse*).....John C. Berkeley
The Critics (*Verse*).....Grace Hobbs
Tonight (*Verse*).....Susanne Ketchum
An Incident of the Dismal Swamp.....Isaac Gregory
Lost (*Verse*).....William Edgerton

PATTERNS.....Ketchum, Parsons, White, Wills

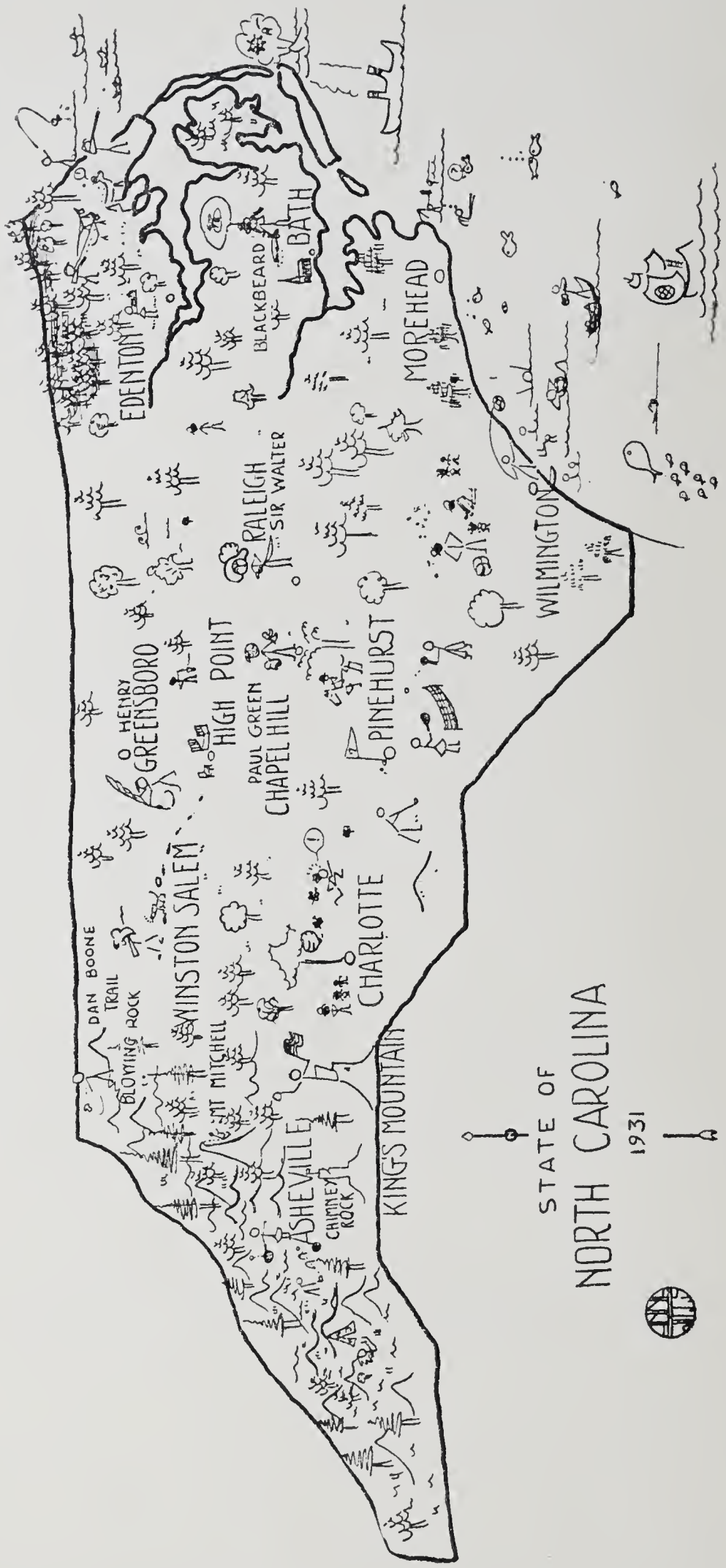
RAVELINGS

I Wonder (*Verse*).....Isaac Gregory
The Reign of Sheba.....Lane Barksdale
The Great Groundhog Disappearance.....Foy Gaskins
The Seducer.....Isaac Gregory

THE SHUTTLE

WEAVER'S GUILD

Introducing Dick.....Dixon Thacker
Defiance (*Verse*).....Louis V. Brooks



THE WEAVE

A POET SEES

HARRY GRAYSON

I am a poet—wide, clear-eyed—and in love.
I see the earth when it laughs in showers
And I see the heartache too, for I am learning
My fellow creatures. They do not know
Who I am; that I see deep and talk ofttimes
In philosophy. They do not know that I can tell
An artist before I see his hands.
People pass—aristocracy and vagabond
Knocking shoulders—
Silk-cloaked aristocracy—
Racked, crafty-eyed mechanisms, tired of body and soul,
Fearful to lift their hungry eyes
To the shrewd capitalist.
Here the drunken remnant of last night's frolic
When the world was deaf and the wine was red.

Oh, but here too is silent fellowship; silent tribute
To a diety—
For men are all alike born of pain and live
To shuffle off into obscurity,
Or slim-threaded immortality.
The dust of the street was once alive.
Aristocracy aloof the vagabond. He turns away.
He will not smile, but I can see his heart. It is kind.
It is well that he does not know that I am a poet;
That I see deep and talk ofttimes in philosophy.

STEEL

NANCY HUDSON

ZEKI DANIELS was a queer man—sort of dreamy. He had suddenly appeared in Breckhaven in his late twenties. He had taken up residence there and had wanted to be a sailor; but since the ships were already overstocked, Maria Tuttle had got her father to give him work on his farm. Eventually Zeki had married Maria, out of a sort of gratitude. They hadn't been very happy; Marie was kind of hard on a man, and Zeki was so easy-going. Marie got her way most of the time, and a strict way it was. But when the boy was born, they named him Steel. That had been Zeki's idea. Maria was all for calling him John, but for once Zeki was strangely adamant, and the boy remained Steel.

That was what men knew of Zeki Daniels. But they didn't know that once, before he came to Breckhaven, he had been a poet. They didn't know that it had been the sea that called him there, that the sea was an ingrained part of Zeki Daniels, vibrant in him, surging, pulsing; that one day in desperation he had told Marie it was calling him, that he must go; that Maria had showered him with reproaches for "wantin' to go a-'traipsin' off to sea an' git drowned, leavin' a poor, helpless woman an' child to look out for themselves," and had chained him to the plow with links stronger than iron—links that were "duty"; they didn't know why Zeki had named his son Steel——.

Zeki loved his boy. And Steel loved him, although even in his childhood—he was but six—he felt a faint contempt for Zeki's humble servility under Marie's tyranny. She ruled them both with a hand of iron. But there was one blissful hour of every day that was theirs, and theirs alone. Time came when Zeki could take young Steel with him to the seashore, and they would sit on a weather-beaten rock and look far out on the ocean. The wind would whip Zeki's graying hair straight back and sting his cheeks a glowing red. His blue eyes would become eager and alive. His shoulders would straighten, and he would throw out his chest until

he didn't look like Zeki Daniels, but like some fierce Viking; and his voice would ring out:

"The gull's way and the whale's way,
Where the wind's like a whetted knife."

Steel saw his father so happy at those times.

There came a day when Zeki could not go with Steel to the sea, nor could he the next, or the next. He had got sunstroke working on the farm, and he lay in bed and slowly faded away. He was gentle and dreamy to the last, so ethereal, more like an element than a being. Marie waited on him dutifully. His spirit was a wavering blue-white flame, white as purity, blue as the sea. When it was finally snuffed out by the earth, she gave him a good funeral, wept a little over him and then set about raising Steel to forget his father and be a good, honest farmer.

Steel was nearly grown, and he was an obedient lad. He took up his father's work on the farm and did it well. But he didn't forget Zeki, and inside him a battle of spirits raged. He still remembered with contempt his father's weakness in letting Maria hold him from the thing he most desired in life. He was determined that if he felt the same way as his father, he would let nothing keep him from going to sea. But did he feel the same way? The sea fascinated him, certainly; but he liked the rich, brown soil, the tilling of the fields. He entertained the greatest admiration and respect for Maria, too. It puzzled him; he seemed to like them both equally, the sea and the farming. Instinct told him this wasn't right; he must choose between the two, but instinct didn't tell him which to choose. And so it was that he decided to leave the choice to Providence. Something within him seemed to tell him that when the time came, fate would intervene for the best.

Steel Daniels continued tending the farm. To all outward appearances he was growing more and more like an expert farmer. Inwardly, he was waiting. He couldn't tell you for what; but he knew that his fate wasn't settled, that something would intervene. It was just a feeling; many feelings are false; but Steel Daniels would have staked his life on this one.

His sign, the decision, came one day when Steel was plowing in the meadow. He had loosened his collar, and his shirt sleeves were rolled high on his arms. Perspiration broke on his face. Steel drew out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. Suddenly a stiff breeze arose—Steel could have sworn the breeze was salty—and blew the handkerchief from his hand, whipping it toward the west. Queerly, he thought of Zeki's hair blowing straight back from his forehead as he watched the sea. A sense of delicious expectancy filled Steel. He shivered a bit and lifted his eyes upward. There a gull flew in solitary passage, white and noiseless, above his head.

“The gull's way and the whale's way,
Where the wind's like a whetted knife . . .”

Steel's hands clenched on the plow. In his mind he saw tall ships racing away to sea and Zeki sitting at a helm, hair blown backwards, smiling. Then he looked through the open door of his cottage; and there stood Maria, white-aproned, kneading dough with firm hands. Steel stared at her, and suddenly he knew why she had been able to keep Zeki from the sea. She was strong! Her face was square, and coarse, and muscular, like her character, and strong as iron!

Steel looked at her very long and then resolutely turned away.

“I must go down to the seas again——.”

Steel walked with long, quick paces, arms swinging, head-up, eyes glowing with a strange light, striding, striding—towards the sea.

* * * * *

Steel is made of two quantities, iron and carbon; and iron is the base and firmness of it, but carbon is the thing that makes it steel——.

PORTRAIT OF A NORTH CAROLINA TOWN

MANIE LEAKE PARSONS

THERE is a town I know, a small town, a lovely town, a sad town. To reach it, one must ride for many miles through barren stretches of sandhills, sprinkled with small, unprosperous farm houses, and now and then, small, unprosperous villages. Then, quite suddenly, the road dips down to a river, not a very wide river, but just the right size, and winds up a hill; and there is the quiet, shady old town.

Its streets are wide and lined with thick, friendly wateroaks, which cast cool shadows on the white sand and black pavements below them. The houses of my little town are not too large, not too fine, not too new. Instead, they are interesting, well-kept houses, which seem to peer through their surrounding branches to watch you as you go by. They almost always have wide, hospitable doors and broad porches; and inside they are cool and comfortable. Many shelter glowing, informal gardens where almost all kinds of flowers dance together in a riot of gay color.

The people? Oh, the people of my town are what makes it sad, for they are, for the most part, the product of families too long established and too well known in the section. Almost everyone who belongs to one of the old families is kin to everyone else. They have always had enough money to live in comfort without very much labor, for some enterprising and far-seeing forefather established the small family-fortune along with the reputation. The people are rather lazy, very devoted to the town and their homes, very proud, with quite one-sided pride, and very intimate. These are the "old timers," who are different from the newcomers, and even from their own younger generation. For as the children grow up, they usually drift away and live and work in other places, though they never forget their home town. For such it remains throughout their lives, wherever they go.

Oh, they are very nice people; many of them very attractive and interesting, but unworthy of their town. For it is such a lovable, peaceful town! There is something about it, an atmosphere

and an individuality that is unequaled, despite its automobiles, chain stores, and ten-cent stores. It is a dear town, dear to my heart, and I am glad that I have a small part of it in me (attached through inheritance and frequent visits). If only its own people could keep this fine part, always, and escape its power to destroy ambition and energy!



THREE MEN

NANCY HUDSON

INTRODUCTION

These are the stories of three men
Who each added their respective bits
To that strange melange of figures called humanity:
Of one who was human,
One who was wise,
And one who was wisest of all.

JACKSON WILBUR

In childhood I believed in fairies,
But there was a great urn known as "Learning",
Whose lid I could not lift.
Now I have grown old,
And I have forgot the fairies,
And with ease I have lifted the lid of the urn,

So that all manner of knowledge has come to me;
And men follow me from the far corners of the earth,
Seeking my advice on theories,
And philosophies, and great problems;
And they call me "Learned";
But when I look out on the haystacks,
Where I used to find the fairies sleeping,
I am filled with a vague sense of doubt, deeper than all thoughts;
And it comes in me to wonder:
Do men know what "learned" is?

JEB RILEY

When I look on Jackson Wilbur,
With all his fame and learning,
And all his opportunities,
And then look at me,
A citizen of the same town,
Driving a truck up back streets
And living in a dirty little house
With one stove and no furnace,
I am overcome with the unjustness of fate.
Why, if I had Jackson Wilbur's chances,
I'd go out and conquer the world
Instead of sitting at home and philosophizing.
I'd make Jeb Riley a name that would never be forgotten.
I'd have the universe at my feet in no time.
But instead I drive a delivery truck,
Getting beaten and burnt by the winds;
And Jackson Wilbur sits in his big house over the river
And meditates.
It isn't fair.

TOM O' THE CORNFIELDS

I sit here smoking a corncob pipe
And taking life for the best it gives;

And though I haven't overly much money,
I've enough to keep me living,
And there's no man alive whom I envy.
There's Jackson Wilbur—He's got him a mansion;
But I reckon he's got bills for it, too.
And I 'low Jeb Riley has a powerful hard time
Keeping his truck and temper on the right track.
But I have a scarlet climber rose there on the fence
That blooms every year
And gives perfume I'll wager is better than any in Paris.
And there are the birds
That build their nests in the big trees
And make the day one long melody.
And there're the little folk out yonder in the cornfields and
 haystack,
As I was named after.
And at night, when it's dusky dark,
And that misty, night odor comes stealing over the cottage,
I sit on the steps and listen to the owls calling from the glen;
And though I haven't a deal of prosperity,
I have my flowers, and fairies, and owls, and dreams,
And I envy no man!



RESURRECTION

GRACE HOBBS

Life is a shadow
Standing behind a soul,
Waiting to slip away
When darkness vanishes
Before the sunrise.

WHEN THE SHIPS COME IN

A Tragedy in One Act

NANCY HUDSON

CHARACTERS:

Meg—a demented old woman who has lost seven sons to the sea. Her eighth and last son is aboard the *Storm King*. White hair streams wildly over her shoulders.

Women.

Women are gathered on the sea-front, anxiously scanning the horizon. Beyond them sea-gulls soar, and the sea and sky meet in a gray-green medley. An indefinable atmosphere of desolation hovers over all. One realizes that these women have nothing to look forward to in their own destinies, that their lives are one continual strain as they wait and watch, ever wait and watch for their men to come in and then go back again, until the inevitable happens, and men don't come back.

FIRST WOMAN: It won't be long now till the *Storm King*'ll be comin' to port wi' my Danny on her, safe and sound.

MEG: (*Slowly*) Ye'll niver see your Danny again, no, nor the *Storm King* neither. They'll all go down. Down, I say, all except my Petey.

SECOND WOMAN: (*Shivering*) She's mad. She's had so much sorrow it's driven her mad.

MEG: It's twice today I've see'd a witch ride over old Death's Craig, and Petey's mirror broke this morning, and all the pieces were a-pointin' toward the sea.

FOURTH WOMAN: Aye, and my bread wouldn't rise this noon; it's the first time it's failed me since Tom Brown was a-drowned off Black Hill.

THIRD WOMAN: An' there was a high tide at noon, and not a wind stirring. 'Tis the first time that's happened since old Captain Byndley steered the *Bansbee* on the rocks. (*The women stare at each other, aghast.*)

MEG: They'll be drowned like rats in a trap, and not one of 'em'll be left alive 'cept my Pete. There's been a death angel with

me all the day. He's here now. I can see him plain as night. Listen, there's his wings a-beatin' the air, and he's sobbin' for the sons he's taken. Listen!

The women huddle together, frightened, and listen intently. All that can be heard is the pounding of the surf and the swish of lapping waves.

SECOND WOMAN: (*Shivering*) She's mad. There ain't nothing there.

THIRD WOMAN: What does he look like, Meg?

FOURTH WOMAN: I don't hear nothing.

MEG: (*Staring wildly at a spot on the horizon*) He has a grey cloak-sort of grey-green it is, like the sea. And he's a-weepin' and sobbin', but he hasn't any eyes. (*The women tremble and draw closer together.*) And he's all skeleton-like——

FIRST WOMAN: Hush, Meg, hush your talkin'. Our men aren't dead; they're coming home to us now any minute.

MEG: They're dead and buried with Davy Jones, and the fishes are a-eatin' of 'em; the fishes are a-eatin' of 'em all but my Petey. (*The Fifth Woman starts sobbing. She is a newly-wed.*)

FIFTH WOMAN: It's the ring o' my heart I'd give to have my George back with me now. Once he comes in he'll never more go back there! (*She gestures toward the sea. The rest of the women stare at her pityingly.*)

FIRST WOMAN: He'll always go back. It gets a man and keeps him there until it drags him under.

SECOND WOMAN: Yes, and you'll always sit here and wait for him to come. That's what sailors' wives must do. And when it downs your man—and that time'll come sooner or later—your life is finished; you're a derelict woman. But he'll never give it up 'till he dies, an' you'll never give it up 'till he dies. It's a-pullin' in the blood, and you can't go agin' it.

They gaze at the sea.

FIFTH WOMAN: (*Slowly*) No, I can't go agin' it. Even though it leads to the grave, I can't go agin' it.

The others smile faintly at her. They realize that with these words she has graduated into the class of those sturdy heroines who sacrifice their lives at sea.

FIRST WOMAN: It's fifty leagues they had to go. Hits a far distance to sea, an' a storm comin' up.

MEG: Fifty leagues or ten, makes no difference to ye; ye'll never see them agin. But my boy, Petey. He's got to come to his old mad mother. He's all I've got left now, and I'm a-needin' him. Tom it took, and Jack, and Dick, and little Jimmy. And there was Dirk, and Paul, and Al that went out and niver come back. But Petey, he's come through all the time, and he'll come now.

FIRST WOMAN: (*Suddenly shouting*) A sail!

They all crowd nearer and look where she points. There a ship is slowly moving up over the blue line of sea. It nears them.

SECOND WOMAN: That's not the Storm King! Her bow was blue, and this one's white.

First Woman seizes a telescope and raises it to her eyes.

FIRST WOMAN: G-e-o-r-g-e. It's just the George! (*The women sigh and look out once more on the horizon for their ship. The George nears them and anchors.*) Look, they must have a message for us. They're letting down a life boat.

All the women run down to meet the life boat. A burly sailor steps out of it and hands a note to the Fourth Woman, who reaches him first. The sailor looks at them sadly, then jumps back into the life boat and rows off to the big ship while the Fourth Woman looks at the folded slip in her hand.

FOURTH WOMAN: Do you think it'll be news of—them?

FIRST WOMAN: Well, open it. Open it quick. How can we tell?

FOURTH WOMAN: I—I dasen't. Suppose they are——?

They stare apprehensively at one another.

THIRD WOMAN: Here, give it to me. I'll open it!

She unfolds the note and reads its contents. She turns deathly white.

FIRST WOMAN: What does it say?

FOURTH WOMAN: (*Shaking the Fourth Woman*) What does it say?

FOURTH WOMAN: Storm King sunk with—all her crew.

She falls to the ground in a faint. For a second there is a deathly

silence, then the women start weeping convulsively. Meg alone is calm.

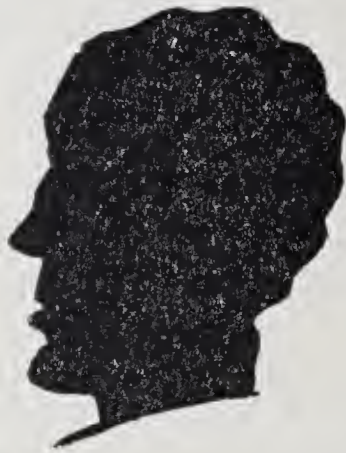
MEG: *(Plaintively)* Where's my Petey?

FIRST WOMAN: *(Gently)* Pete is dead, Meg, dead with my Danny.

MEG: *(Childishly)* Petey? Why, he's comin' home.

FIRST WOMAN: He's dead.

Meg stands quite still and white for an instant, and then the light in her eyes becomes fantastically wild, and she breaks into a torrent of inhuman screams of laughter. The wails of the derelict women rise from round about her, and the surf pounds monotonously on the rocks.



COLORS IN THE WEAVE

THE MONEY-CROP

W. B. DAVIS

The translucent glow of opal fires at night
The grim green leaves hang heavily inside
The barns, and round about, sleepy-eyed men
Walk wearily, but with the joy of harvest in their hearts.

* * * *

The rough green leaves are golden now,
And loud machines
Will crush and grind and shred and blend
With burley leaves the pungent goodness of tobacco.
And men will smoke and dip and chew—
Men and women—girls and boys
Who delight
In the wreathing fumes that
Drift and eddy from their mouths.
And old negro women,
Their mouths stained and brown
With filthiness of old Scotch snuff,
Will spit bitterly and dip more snuff.
And strong, hard men will
Weaken themselves
With the joy of a long black cigar in the evening.
And stripling boys—the leaders of tomorrow—
Lean lazily against a drug store window
With a slim white cigarette drooping from their mouths.

* * * *

They worship at the shrine of Nicotine.

ALLAN BYRTH

EDITH LATHAM

ONLY the steady ticking of the gilded clock over the old walnut mantelpiece was audible that Sunday afternoon that young Rudolph Byrth sat staring intently at the portrait hanging before him. It was a painting of his great uncle, Allan Byrth. The clear, almost whimsical, expression of the deep blue eyes and the fine high forehead of the man in the picture seemed almost to mock Rudolph as he sat there looking at it. Rudolph wished he had lived earlier that he might have known this man, his Uncle Allan.

Allan Byrth had been the gay young man of New Bern in his day. It was over him that many a pretty maiden had quarreled with her best friend. The older people had always nodded their heads and smiled little smiles when he cantered down the street on his father's best bay; and grocer and butcher thought Master Allan the salt of the earth. He was the young favorite of New Bern, was old Anthony Bryth's oldest son, Allan.

Now, as Rudolph looked up at the painting, he saw something in the face he had not seen before. The mouth and chin were firm, yet not hard, and the nose had an aristocratic thinness to it. The blue eyes were steady and fearless and harmonized completely with the reddish-brown hair. Yet over the whole face was an almost roguish expression. The eyes were certainly smiling, and there was a twist at the corners of the mouth.

Rudolph looked about him. This room had belonged to his Uncle Allan. Everything in it reminded one of him; the deep leather chairs, the cabinets, the oil paintings, and in one corner the chest an old sailor had given him. What was in it no one knew. Allan had not told them, and they had not looked when he had gone.

There was almost a musty air about the room. It was seldom that anyone entered it. The room was the last at the end of the hall, and its windows overlooked the smooth blue Neuse as it flowed on down toward the coast. Allan Byrth had loved the river. The stately old house stood back on its lawn of elms and cypresses and looked out on the shaded cobbled avenue; but the back of the

house was warm and friendly, basking in the sun that peeled its white paint and made the blue of the river glisten with gold.

Two generations of Byrths had lived in the old house since the time of Allan. Now in the second generation had come a lad as near like Allan Byrth as his shadow might have been. That was why Rudolph's grandfather had looked at him with his eyes so sullen and sad when Rudolph spoke of going to sea. Rudolph's grandfather was Allan Byrth's younger brother. Rudolph's parents were dead. He lived in the old family house with his grandfather and the servants. Only once had Wilbur Byrth mentioned his brother's name to his grandson, and that was when Rudolph expressed a wish to go to sea. All he had said was, "You are like your great uncle, my son."

Rudolph had learned the story of Allan Byrth from old Nick, the negro gardener. Nick had known Master Allan and loved the young man with an almost doglike devotion. One afternoon Nick told Rudolph all about Allan Byrth.

Allan had loved the sea. All his life he had known sailors. During the summer months he rode up and down the Neuse on the big river boats. He had stayed a week every vacation in the lighthouse with his friend, the keeper. He was a romantic boy, with a keen mind and dauntless courage. Old Anthony loved both his sons, but there had always been a tenderer spot in his heart for Allan than for Wilbur. That was because the boy was so like his mother.

When Allan was nineteen, he made known his desire to go to sea. Old Anthony listened to him as he told, with glowing face, how he loved it, how he wished more than anything else to live out on the sea and sail to foreign ports. He listened to his boy telling him wonderful tales of the teeming, colorful life in the Indies, of the weird Oriental pagodas rearing their great gilded domes to a turquoise sky. He heard his young son, his Allan, tell him he wished to lead this life so full of adventure. All the while he searched the boy's face for the least sign of weakening, but he found none. Then he begged Allan to stay one more year, hoping that he would change his mind.

Six months of the year passed by. All the time Allan had been working in his room on something. He kept it in the chest when

he was not working with it. Never once during the time did he mention going to sea. Old Anthony thought he had abandoned the idea.

One Sunday morning early in April the Byrth family prepared to go to church. Nick harnessed the mare to the family surrey and waited at the front door for Mr. Anthony and the boys. At the last minute Allan called down to his father to go on and he would follow later on the bay. Anthony and Wilbur drove on to church and took their places in the family pew. The first hymn was sung, and Allan had not come. Just before the preacher got up to deliver the sermon, there came to the ears of Anthony Byrth the low moaning whine of a whistle on one of the river boats. The whine mounted to a hoarse shriek as the boat pulled away from the landing. Old Anthony Byrth had heard the whistles of the river boats all his life, but this time it meant something different.

He got up and rushed out of the church. All the three miles home he lashed the horse with an unconscious strength. He never let up until he drove into his own yard. Then he clambered out of the surrey and into the house. "Allan! Allan!" he called, his breath coming in short gasps. But his answer was only the maddening silence of the house, broken by the dull chirping of the crickets in the meadow. The warm morning sun shone and peeled the white of the house and made the river glisten with gold.

* * * * *

Rudolph looked again at the portrait. He wished he might have known this man, his Uncle Allan.

OLD SPUNK SKIPPY

NATHAN LIPSCOMB

IN my wanderings through the rural sections of Guilford County I have seen some strange and, to me, peculiar specimens of humanity. Yet when someone mentions an odd character, there is one man of whom I first think. This is Old Spunk Skippy.

My first sight of Spunk was during harvesting season when I was helping my father take in a load of hay. We were almost through when a strange-looking character, preceded by a flop-eared hound, emerged from the woods, and after emitting a stream of tobacco juice, greeted Dad with a "Howdy, Doc."

Daddy, who had known the old man since we bought the farm, returned the friendly recognition, saying, "Hello Spunk, how's your health?"

After conversing on the quality and quantity of the crops, Spunk ambled on down the drive. He was a man of medium height, thin and sallow, with sunken eyes and a typical old country mustache with drops of "amber" at each end. To look at the man you would say that he was perhaps fifty-five or sixty, although in reality he was seventy-five. That was my first knowledge of Spunk Skippy.

In the summer our family stays at the farm; and every afternoon I go swimming at the lake, which is approximately a quarter of a mile from the house.

Many times since my first meeting with old Spunk, I have seen him sitting on the edge of the lake chewing a blackgum twig and half-heartedly fishing. One day I left home immediately after lunch, which is dinner for us while in the country, and went to the lake. Spunk was sitting on the bank reflecting on some subject unknown to me. We were good friends by this time and had had many talks together. I told him that I would sit with him until my dinner had settled before going into the water. He looked at me as though he thought I was a pretty simple sort of fellow and asked, "How come ye can't git in the water jist after you've et?"

"Why everybody knows that if you go in swimming without

waiting an hour after meals, you will catch a cramp," I answered, surprised. He seemed hurt that I should question his knowledge and set out to prove that I was wrong.

"Aw, it ain't a' gona' hurt ye. Why when I's a kid, every-day jest after dinner I usta run about a hundred yards and dive in a great big mill pond, and I ain't never yit had none o' these hyer cramps; and I eat big in them days, a big plate o' beans, a chunk o' corn bread big as yo two hands, and a bucket full of buttermilk. Talk about a cramp, these hyer modun doctors thinks as how they's smart, but they don't know nothing alongside o' some o' the old uns as I've knowd."

I waited an hour before I went into the water, but I was careful not to let Spunk know that it was because I was afraid of catching a cramp.



MR. COLE, THE POTTER

ISAAC GREGORY

He plies a trade that is as old as civilization; furthermore, he works with methods which are almost as old as the occupation. For he, Mr. J. W. Cole, is an expert maker of pottery.

He lives with his family on a small farm several miles from the little village of Seagrove, North Carolina. But despite the fact that he lives on a farm, he devotes the greater part of his time not to agriculture but to the making of crockery.

It is both interesting and educational to visit the old man's plant. Owing to successful participation in this work, the number of his buildings has increased. At present he has four structures in which he and his sons work. In the first, the clay which is taken from a nearby creek is prepared and cut into workable size. The second building contains the patterns and models for the different kinds of jugs and pots. The other two are warehouses in

which the finished products are displayed to the public. Besides these four buildings, he has three furnaces built into the side of a hill in which he "cooks" his pottery.

The most fascinating part of the work, in my opinion, is the actual process of molding the different pieces. He puts a hunk of clay on a metal disk. Then, while he revolves the disk by means of a foot treadle, he shapes the clay into various forms. It is as if by magic that he transforms a shapeless piece of clay into a graceful vase or jardiniere. Using nothing but his whirling wheel and a small chip of wood, he works in such a manner that the clay seems to be a living substance following the old man's hands wherever he desires. Indeed, were I living in the superstitious Middle Ages, I am sure that I should regard a man who could work such wonders as a most potent magician!

The pottery which comes from this man's place is noted especially for its wonderful colors. Mr. Cole uses a secret process of coloring, which has been handed down in his family from the days when that part of the country was first settled by the English. His blue pieces are the envy and despair of all his competitors.

Mr. Cole has made a success of his vocation, not only from an artistic, but also from a financial standpoint. Aside from distribution to numerous local buyers, he sells his wares to several big firms in the northern and eastern sections of our country. At regular intervals these firms send representatives down to make selections. He sometimes ships several barrels of his jars and vases to a single company.

The old potter has not, to all appearances, been affected in the least by his success. I have never seen him wear anything except a faded shirt, an ancient pair of overalls, a pair of muddy brogans, and a battered hat. He keeps an ever-present wad of tobacco in his mouth. His walrus moustaches make him look like a relic of the "gay nineties." His eccentric appearance belies the artistic soul of the man, which crops out so unmistakably in his pottery.

“AUNT MINERVA”

LUCILLE HINTON

The little bell at the top of the negro church sent its death toll rolling over the valley. Every dweller shook his head and said in a voice that quavered with emotion, “Aunt Minerva done passed away.” A kind of reverent hush rested over the valley, as if it too were mourning for the dear old darkey.

Her tired eyes were closed in peaceful rest. Those toil-worn hands that had helped always when they were needed and had done the innumerable tasks of wife, mother, friend, and helper were folded on her breast. As I looked down into her kind, wrinkled face for the last time, a lump came in my throat, and the tears stung my eyes and rolled unheedingly down my cheeks.

She was my “negro mammy.” She did not live with us as she had done with my father’s family, but I have spent many a happy day at her cabin. Aunt Minerva has told me many stories—fairy stories, ghost stories, and true experiences. Whatever kind the occasion called for, she always managed to weave into them some of the good and beautiful that shone in her character. I cannot realize that she is no longer at my beck and call.

Aunt Minerva was not very old. Hard work and lack of suitable clothes and food had hastened her death. Her husband—shiftless, lazy negro that he is—is still living. I have often gone to pay her for the washing and have held the money clinched tight in my fist until he had gone from the cabin. For, had I given it to Minerva then, he would have asked for it, and she, good old soul, would have given it to him.

Oh, how hard she tried to live right and do good! Her husband will not miss her; her children will not miss her much; her neighbors will soon forget “old Minerva,” who helped untiringly by sick-beds, cared for children, did her own housework, and washed for many families. But I—I’m sure that I shall never forget her.

ONE OF THE OLDER SCHOOL

FRANK ABERNETHY

I saw him one afternoon walking down the main street of Maysville. He was an ancient and decrepit negro, stoop-shouldered and with a shambling step that moved him rather swiftly for the amount of energy exerted. He had his old shaggy straw hat in one hand; and as the weather was sultry, he carried a faded red handkerchief in the other. Occasionally he wiped his sweating brow in an effort to relieve himself of the heat. Over his left arm he carried a large basket.

His hair was partly gray, a fact which spoke of great age, and his lined face affirmed this fact. As he passed me, he smiled and bowed, and I could see his black eyes shine and his white teeth flash. His vitality was still there.

Although his coat was tattered, it was clean; and it fitted the drooping form of the man very much like a cape. His shirt was a blue one with an open collar and a short black tie. His dark trousers, of different color from his coat, were not soiled, but they were very wrinkled. His practically soleless shoes shuffled audibly down the sidewalk.

At the general merchandise store he stopped, looked in hesitantly, then entered. It was much later when he emerged. When he did, I saw that his basket was completely filled. It required both hands to carry such a load, but he managed it very well.

He turned his face in the direction whence he had come, and with his peculiar step, set out for home. Long after he had left the village, I could see him trudging down the straight country road, industriously striving to reach his cabin before dark.

A VIGNETTE

HAL L. JUSTICE

The winter day was slowly fading into darkness. Dull snow clouds hung low overhead, their murkiness blending in with the somber evening. I sat at my office window, watching the steady stream of people as they passed on down the dim street.

There I saw faces stricken with the signs of hunger and want. Now and then there passed a mother with a young child in her arms, a tender love shining in her eyes. An ill-dressed man passed slowly onward, his dull eyes cast in the direction of a cafe, pleasant odors of cooked food assailing his nostrils. My roving eyes happened to fix themselves on a poor beggar sitting in the sheltering nook of an open doorway, his clothes in tatters, and hands and face numbed with cold. A tin cup was held on his knee, a few pennies and nickles scattered over its bottom.

A tramp came slinking down the street. As he came abreast the beggar, he sighted the few coins in the cup and a covetous gleam came into his eyes. Pausing for a minute, he stretched forth his hand and plucked the coins from the cup. The cup fell to the floor with a loud clatter. The beggar did not stir but sat silent in his chair. The tramp leaned forward, gazing intently at the beggar who sat so still. Slowly his grimy hand opened, and the coins dropped to the ground. Spellbound he stood, stricken with horror, then leaped away and ran from sight.

Slowly the form of the beggar began to be invisible as the mantle of night descended, covering the whole world in darkness, and I thought of the beggar's soul winging its way to heaven, and the beggar—what would his lot be?

JUST "HONEY"

MARY LOUISE STONE

"Honey" is a delightful tot of four, inquisitive, teasing, impulsive—a dancing mischievous cherub. When for the first time she turns solemn brown eyes on one in a direct stare, and then follows this open observation with an irresistible smile, one smiles back, and in some way feels a strange attachment to the little rogue.

I remember quite well the time when that smile first passed between the two of us. I was walking home from school one evening, when suddenly my way was blocked by an infant—she was hardly more than that. I stopped.

"Well," I said, gazing down at the bright, tousled head.

She looked up at me with wide eyes.

"Can't I get by?" I asked, smiling.

She shook her curly head, and eyes twinkling, stared steadfastly at me. What a picture she made, a chubby little figure in fresh pink, sparkling eyes, a turned-up, snub nose, sprinkled with faint, gold freckles, and her bright yellow head. After this, she spoke in that delightful childish treble.

"Ou tain't git by," defiantly.

"Why?" I asked seriously.

No "just because" from this little tot, for she paused a moment, frowning slightly.

"'Cause ou tain't git by my," she said, holding out her short, dimpled hands as far apart as possible. "Honey" always substitutes my for I and me.

"Suppose I should go out in the street?" I reasoned.

She looked doubtful, but then smiled winningly, "Ou won't," she said confidently.

"No," I assured her, laughing, "I won't, but you'll let me by."

This method won her, for she nodded her head and moved.

"My name's 'Honey'," she confided to me.

"'Honey'?" I questioned, puzzled.

She must have been used to such, because she informed me.

"Muvver call my 'Honey'."

Her real name is Joan Brooks, but she is just "Honey" to the most of us.

We parted after that, the best of friends. Now, "Honey" dances to meet me every afternoon. She smiles her cheery greeting, places her tiny hand in mine, and we stroll home together.

Sometimes we sit on the steps, and I tell her stories while she listens with rapture. When I tell the story of the "Three Little Pigs," or "Red-Riding Hood" ("Honey's" favorite stories), she becomes breathless and excited, and asks eager questions concerning the details. I try my best to answer, and she looks up at me with the adoring eyes of an innocent child. I feel strangely stirred at the thought of such worship, for "Honey" thinks me perfect. Turning back to my own childhood, I remember my fondness for "takes" and such delicacies, and so I usually find something for her. However, if it should slip my mind, "Honey" always obligingly reminds me. Then, she dances away through the twilight—like a little nymph. She climbs her own steps with alacrity, and from there waves a fond good-bye to me. Sunny little "Honey!"

WARP AND WOOF

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The Land and the People

AT the mention of the name "North Carolina" the average person is perhaps inclined to picture in his mind a small, irregularly shaped spot on the United States map, lying between Virginia and South Carolina. Probably the spot is colored blue, or green, or red, to distinguish it from the rest of the map; and perhaps the western portion is shaded to indicate the position of mountains. "Here," says the average man, "is North Carolina"—this strip of land whose boundaries are duly marked on our maps by a series of dots and dashes.

But no, this is not North Carolina. The real Old North State

does not consist simply of mountains, and sandhills, and small towns; lies not in a certain section of dirt and grass and trees, but in the hearts of nearly three million people—three million men and women and boys and girls who are carrying on the traditions, the customs, and the ideals that more than two centuries of Carolinians have built up. It is these people, their spirit, their outlook upon life that constitute the “personality” of our state—that subtle atmosphere which we believe is to be found only in North Carolina.

And those of us to whom life and beauty are more important than sales invoices and mass production hope from the depths of our impractical hearts that the history and legend and memories that come down to us from the past; the various little traits that characterize the Tar Heel of today; the life, the color, the romance, and all the qualities that contribute to the individuality of North Carolina will never be buried beneath the cold, hard stone of standardization.

William Edgerton

A Timely Need

They—the older generation—say that we—the younger generation—are extremely inquisitive; that we long to be told all the facts of every problem; and that we, then, form opinions of our own regardless of all tradition. As a member of the latter group, I admit that all of the aforementioned condemnations or attributes (depending upon what point of view you take) are entirely true. Therefore, I would like to inquire into, learn the facts of, and formulate my own opinion of, real patriotism.

Patriotism as enunciated by our elders has, to put it mildly, an aggressive tempo. It is a thing of roaring enthusiasms, of hot tempers begetting hotter words, of vicious, blind, and bitter hatreds. It is the means by which bellicose statesmen longing to write their names on high, even though they may be written in the blood of murdered men, women, and children, strive to achieve their ends. The current standards of patriotism have been set up not by people who have thought logically of cause and effect but by people intoxi-

cated and powerful, primitive, one might almost say, bestial emotions.

What is patriotism then? Is it the annual expenditure of billions of dollars on militaristic preparations? Is it the arousing of enmity between peoples by false accusations and propaganda emanating from capitals, schools, homes, and even churches? Is it the efforts of science to produce more deadly means of snuffing out lives? Is it the production of cannon-fodder? I deny that the above things constitute patriotism.

But what is patriotism? It is using the money that goes for armaments to alleviate the poverty and disease which is so prevalent. It is the promotion and execution of an unceasing program that would cause understanding and amity to exist all over the world. It is turning the potentialities of science into channels where it would advance the progress of mankind. It is the rearing of responsible, intellectual, God-loving men and women who can inquire fearlessly, think clearly, and form opinions consistently.

Isaac Gregory

“Now Cracks a Noble Heart”

With the passing of Major Charles Manly Stedman the state and the nation at large have suffered a distinct loss. Major Stedman was the truest type of a Southern gentleman. He was courtly and gracious; he was strong and courageous; he was truthful and loyal; and he was sympathetic and kind.

With the presence of Major Stedman in Washington, there sprang up between the North and the South a closer friendship, a more complete harmony. For, since the Civil War, we had never relinquished that keen, cruel hatred of each other. It was a lasting thing—something that had abided with us through the years—a thing that we could not easily forget. But Major Stedman succeeded in bringing about a better union between the two. Although the grand old man never forgot that he was a son of the South, he was cosmopolitan in his ideas, and it was his wish that the North and South be once more joined together. The North loved this

man, and taking him as an example of the South, they learned to love it just as they did the man himself.

Major Stedman bore his age with a marvelous dignity. Men of every age, both young and old, admired him and respected his judgment. That he listened to every man, whether he was twenty or sixty, with equal fairness, doubled their love for him.

Major Stedman bore no man a grudge. His opinions were totally unprejudiced. He was a soldier, a scholar, and a statesman; and he wore the markings and bearings of a perfect Southern gentleman. And so, as this fine and noble man passes, we bow with reverend heads, and say with Shakespeare:

“He was a man, take him for all in all.”

Katherine Clements



TANGLED THREADS

SMOKE

ISAAC GREGORY

I watched a column of dull, grayish smoke
Meandering out of a chimney, bound
Protectingly in ivy's friendly yoke.
It seemed—the smoke—as on its way it wound,
To disappear into some secret place
Where go, no doubt, all other subtle things
Such as a smile from out a lovely face;
A child's shrill laughter which no longer rings
From youthful haunts; the half-forgotten smells
Of withered flowers; the healthy tang that fills
The air at dawn; the peals from mellow bells.
I wonder why I dream of lonely rills
And graceful fantasies whene'er I see
A twisting, languid plume of smoke set free.

THROUGH DARKNESS

WILLIAM EDGERTON

SOMETIMES tragedy and happiness are so hopelessly entangled in a person's life that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. I am thinking now of Joe Newton.

For nearly thirteen years—the first thirteen of his life—Joe meant no more to me than any of the other boys in the neighborhood. To me Joe was simply "George Newton's boy," and to him I was "the man who rooms at the Pattersons'." Such was our acquaintance for thirteen years.

That unusual friendship between Joe and me began during his first summer at Camp Pisgah. We went that season—he, a camper, and I, a counselor—as strangers to each other. You know how it happens; a person can live for years in the same block with another without really knowing him.

But camping has a way of tearing off the deceptive little refinements that hide real personalities and of showing a person's character as it truly is. Consequently it remained for two months in a summer camp to start a friendship between a man and a boy who for thirteen years had lived as neighbors without becoming acquainted.

I have often tried to trace in my mind the growth of that friendship between Joe and me. It is all so strange, so unusual, that I sometimes wonder how it could be possible.

I must confess that my interest in Joe Newton began partly for selfish reasons. In all the hiking and mountain climbing that we enjoyed together during the winter following his first camping experience, and in the various hobbies that we acquired, pursued, and grew tired of together, I was able to bring back some of the happiness of my own youth. I could almost live again as a boy by doing with Joe the things that I had wanted to do, but had not been able to afford, when I was younger.

Often during that winter Joe would come over after supper, and we would go up into my room and work together. Sometimes it was developing photographs—for we became quite interested in amateur photography—at other times it was radio, or carpentry, or

leather working. Once we spent several weeks making a forester's tent to be used on our camping trips.

Often we hiked beyond Walnut Gap and spent the week-end among the mountains that lie to the west of Covington. Many a night, as we lay in our little home-made tent, sheltered from winter winds by the calm, friendly forest, we gazed into the glowing coals of our campfire and talked with that quiet sincerity which is never found except where two friends sit by themselves before a lonely campfire.

Such was the friendship that existed between Joe Newton and me—a vital, living friendship, growing stronger and deeper with the passing time.

A year went by; then another; and I watched Joe Newton gradually develop, slowly losing the habits of his childhood, slowly acquiring the viewpoint of the man. Our hiking trips in the mountains became less frequent; we no longer took any interest in our hobbies; now we were content with quiet conversation.

Ours was not idle talk, however. We left out all the polite little nothings that people who are less well acquainted use to fill up silence, for Joe and I preferred the silence. Sometimes after supper we would sit for hours, scarcely a word passing between us. It was never a dull silence, though; there was often an indefinable atmosphere of tensity about us at such times, not the ill-at-ease kind of tensity. I can best describe this feeling by comparing it to the excitement of a heated argument. Ours, though, were discussions in which every word was weighed carefully before it was spoken, and was digested afterwards for several long minutes of silence. I can't explain it sensibly now. It all sounds so strange, so foolish—the idea of a man and a boy talking as we did. No one but Joe and me will ever understand.

When Joe Newton was sixteen years old, something tragic entered his life—something that left him crushed, dazed, disillusioned. It did not happen suddenly. Perhaps the very slowness of the thing made it even more sinister.

My first knowledge of the affair came one evening while we were up in my room. Both of us were sprawled across the bed, talking with that intermittent quietness, as we always did. In some

way—I cannot recall the details now—Joe mentioned several books he had found at the little city library, books of religion and philosophy—puzzling books. He gave their names. Had I ever read them? No. They were queer books, he said—books that he didn't understand. They ridiculed Christianity, laughed at the Bible, said there was no God. (In Joe's eyes were mingled bewilderment and indignation.) Did all those men—those great men—really believe there was no—no God?

And so began those chaotic months which followed that night when a perplexed young boy walked out of my room.

Joe had never been a particularly religious boy. He was a Christian—a good Christian—due more, however, to the fact that it had never occurred to him to be otherwise, rather than to any decision on his part.

But now there was a change. Two, three, and often four times a week Joe came up to my room; and we talked earnestly, searchingly, trying to find some explanation—some ray of light.

I do not believe there ever came to my own boyhood any crisis comparable to that which confronted Joe Newton during those months. I'd been a practical-minded youth, content to live as my fathers did before me, caring not what philosophers wrote and thought, nor whether they thought at all. But Joe had ambitions—ambitions to stand high in the world of literature. Great authors, scholars, philosophers were his heroes, personifications of the ideals which he hoped to attain.

And now he saw them cast aside, the beliefs upon which his life was founded. They were learned men, wise men, outstanding for their knowledge; could it be that they were right—that all these years the world had been misled, deceived, mistaken? Always I could read the question in Joe's eyes.

He did not want to believe their ideas. He told me so—often—when we talked about those things. He would read the books they wrote on their beliefs—or lack of beliefs—and then would try to convince himself that they were wrong.

And he did not always succeed. Then he would come up to my room, and we would talk about it.

As time passed, that little doubt in Joe's mind grew larger. I noticed it, not by anything he said, of course; for Joe seemed afraid to admit that there was a doubt. But I could tell by what he unintentionally implied. Slowly and powerfully it began to grip his life, to change his attitude, his personality, even his outward appearance.

I was at loss for a means of helping the poor boy. None of the books we had read together had greatly affected me or my faith; but I was unable to explain satisfactorily to Joe why they had not. How could I? After all, we had different ideas, different temperaments, different ambitions.

As the months went by, it seemed that I sensed an approaching crisis in Joe's life. Every time we were together I felt it; in everything he said, I felt it; always there lurked deep in my mind a fearful premonition

Then, suddenly, it happened.

For three weeks I did not see Joe Newton at all. I tried to think nothing about it. "Just busy with his school work," I argued. But somehow, it seemed rather strange, after three years

The next week I saw Joe once. He passed me in a car with a crowd of other boys. Some of them were fellows I had heard of before. You know what I mean—boys with dubious reputations there in Covington. Even now I can see Joe's expression as he recognized me that day. I remember the guilty-looking smile which he tried to conceal beneath an air of indifference. We were not more than fifty feet apart, but there were miles between that glance and me.

Soon afterwards I began to hear dark stories—the kind that begin with "They say——" and "I've heard——" and "Did you hear——." They told in vague, uncertain terms of "the Newton boy" and of the way he had recently "gone wild." For nearly two weeks I listened to that sort of gossip—two more weeks in which Joe seemed to avoid my presence.

Finally I telephoned him one evening and asked him to come over. For a long while we sat and talked of trivial incidents. Joe appeared uneasy, nervous, uncomfortable.

I told him of the gossip I had heard, of the tales that were told about him. Were they true?

Joe smiled. It was an irritating smile, somewhat suggesting an attempt to be flippant. "What does it matter?" he said. "Might as well have a good time while I'm here. We can't live but one life, you know."

"What do you mean? That you've——?"

"Yes," Joe interrupted. "I mean I've quit pretending to believe all your Christian superstition." Then, as if trying to dismiss the matter lightly, "By the way, how'd you like the game last Friday? Our men did some real playing in the third quarter, didn't they?"

But I knew Joe was thinking more seriously than that.

We spent the rest of the evening in a painful, awkward attempt to carry on conversation.

For more than a month after that I did not see Joe except at a distance. But I continued to hear of the way he was behaving. Just little hints, you know—vague suggestions that were passed from person to person with the age-old warning "not to tell anybody I told you this because I promised to keep it a secret."

Then one afternoon late in November I received word that Joe Newton had disappeared. His father called me and gave the details. Joe had left home that morning and had never reached high school.

I left the office immediately and joined Mr. Newton and the police in the search. All night we hunted without finding anything, and all the next morning. Then at noon Mrs. Newton telephoned that Joe's knapsack and blankets were missing. That gave us new ideas.

Newton, two policemen, and I turned toward the mountains west of Covington. At every little country store, every farmhouse, every mountain hut the same question: "A boy about seventeen, tall, dark-haired, with knapsack and blankets?" All afternoon, and we found no one who had seen him—all afternoon until we came to Anthony's store.

"Dark-haired boy with a roll o' blankets?" The old man spat toward a stained wooden box. Sure. Boy sich as that come in here yestiddy. Bought a passel of bacon, an' taters, an' stuff. 'Lowed as he was goin' campin' over yonder—"

But we were on our way up the little mountain road.

We came to a rude log cabin leaning against the shaggy mountainside. "Tall, dark-haired boy a-carryin' a pack?" The awkward young fellow standing on the doorstep nodded his head. Which way did he go? The youth made a gesture with his thumb. "Up the trail." That was all, and we were off again.

So we went for two days and nights—sleeping wherever we could, scarcely eating at all, sending back once for a guide and again for supplies and equipment—always led onward, farther into the mountains, by tracks, and questions, and signs of recent campfires.

On the second day it began to snow—a heavy, steady snow—above our knees the next morning. We quickened our march, for we knew that Joe was not—could not be—prepared.

Just before dark on the fourth day we found him—found him lying in the snow with icy blankets pulled about him, still huddled close to a campfire on which already lay an inch of snow. Mr. Newton bent down. Joe was still breathing, but that was all.

No living human will ever learn what happened to Joe Newton during those four days. I have my opinions, my own ideas; but they are merely vague, uncertain conjectures. I have no proof—nothing, that is, unless those last few words of Joe's could be called a proof.

As soon as our party found him, we set to work—feverishly, madly—trying to revive the boy. Ten minutes. Fifteen. Twenty. And Joe's eyes opened. I was bending over him, rubbing his arms. Mr. Newton was standing beside me, too grief-stricken to be of any assistance. Joe looked up, full into my face, and smiled.

"Mr. Elmer!" his voice was a hoarse whisper. "I've found Him. Found Him up here in His own country. Up here where they haven't torn it up—where it's just like He made it. And He lives up here, because I found Him. I'm sort—of—tired—and—sleepy"

And that was all—all that Joe Newton said before he closed his eyes in the sleep from which only the soul awakens.

I stopped rubbing his arms and stood up. Mr. Newton bent closer. "Is he—gone?"

I nodded.

Newton continued bitterly. "And to think that in his last few moments he didn't even know what he was saying."

"What he was——saying——?"

"No. You heard the way he talked."

I did not answer. George Newton thought his son died in delirium. I knew he did not. But how could I explain?

George Newton returned to Covington heart-broken. I returned to Covington happy. And how could I explain that?



BEYOND MY GRASP

JOHN C. BERKELEY

I sing of trifles,
Of gay little nothings,
Simple and foolish and shallow.
My heart is an ocean,
Mighty and restless,
Whose surface is covered with numberless waves.
The songs that I sing are the waves on that ocean,
Covering thinly the forces beneath.
Under the surface are powerful currents,
Whirling and tearing and twisting and grinding,
Crushing my soul in their merciless clutches,
Slashing my heart with invisible daggers,
Leaving me dazed and bewildered and weary—
Leaving me groping in darkness.
But they are too mighty, those recondite powers,
Too deep, too profound for expression in words.
And so I sing always of gay little trifles—
Of waves that roll over the sorrows of life.

THE CRITICS

GRACE HOBBS

Last night a broad moon
Crept over the wall
And slipped its silver fingers
Through the poplars, old and tall.
It kissed responsive lips —
A bold and ghostly lover
Clinging to a crimson flower
Where butterflies may hover.
I saw; then wrote a song of moons
And wide blue skies above.
The critics read and gravely sighed—
“Alas! Too young to know of love.”



TONIGHT

SUSANNE KETCHUM

The vaulted sky
Is reaching to eternity
Tonight—
So very high it seems.
The ocean
Stretches on and on forever,
Far beyond my sight,
And on the far-reaching shore
I stand alone,
So small in all the greatness.
O God, the world
Is all too big for me
Tonight.

AN INCIDENT OF THE DISMAL SWAMP

ISAAC GREGORY

Morgan had been hunting ducks in the lowlands that skirt the Dismal Swamp. Since he was not a native of that particular region, he did not realize the peril of penetrating the swamp to any great distance; consequently, nightfall found him several miles beyond what was ordinarily known as the danger-line. When it got too murky to see clearly, he turned homeward with his small bag of game.

The territory which he had to cross was treacherous enough in the daytime, but it was doubly so at night. Sensing this fact vaguely, the boy started out as fast as possible to reach the place at which he was staying before complete darkness fell.

For perhaps a half an hour he walked on, thinking of nothing in particular as to his surroundings. He ran over in his mind the events of the day as anyone would while he was going home from the day's occupation. Musing thus absentmindedly, he was not as careful as he should have been of the direction in which he was going. He did not realize that he had missed the regular trail until his mind was brought back to earth by his tripping over a large root. In the scant light that was left he looked around and realized that he was not in the beaten path.

Even at that late stage everything would have been all right if he had just used his common sense. Unfortunately, he lost his head and as a result his sense of direction; he turned entirely around and started back toward the very heart of the swamp.

The swamp was now absolutely black and quiet. The moon was nowhere to be seen, and not a single star relieved the oppressive blackness. An uncanny stillness pervaded the atmosphere and was disturbed only by the sound of Morgan's stumbling feet.

The boy plunged on, stepping into little puddles of stagnant water, bumping into thorny bushes, and stumbling over fallen logs. He had almost come to the end of his strength when he caught sight of a light. With renewed hope and vigor he pressed on after

the flickering light. Not knowing that he was pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp, he walked steadfastly on for fifteen minutes or more.

When at the end of that time he realized that he had got no nearer the queer light, he stopped right where he was. The appalling fact that he was lost gradually dawned upon him. His stomach had the tight feeling that comes with fear and some excitement; his heart well-nigh stopped beating for a few moments. Then a shudder passed over his body; he opened his mouth; yelled at the top of his lungs, wildly, insanely; and ran pell-mell out into the dense undergrowth that grew around him. Blindly, crazily he ran. Low-hanging limbs and thorny vines scratched his face and tore his clothes. He was soaked to the skin with slimy, filthy water. He did not slacken his furious pace until he had floundered out of an unusually deep pool of water and fallen exhausted on its sandy edge.

He lay there gasping for breath. His mad run had restored him in part to his senses. Finally he raised up to drag himself to higher ground. When he tried to get up, he could not move his legs. He reached down to see what was wrong but could feel only the damp, soggy earth. Like a bolt of lightning the thought flashed across his mind that he was caught in an implacable bog of quicksand.

Once more his mind went blank with sheer terror. From strength born of desperation he managed to hurl his body violently from side to side. The net result of all his contortions was to cause his body to sink a few inches deeper. He clutched frantically at the grass and bushes that grew a few feet away, only to have them slip through his fingers or pull out of the loose soil in which they grew. By this time he had sunk to a depth half-way up his chest and was suffering terribly. The pressure of the earth squeezing in on him from all sides had nearly stopped the circulation of his blood so that his legs ached numbly. A feeling of nausea almost overcame him. The weight of his chest was so oppressive that he felt as if he were suffocating. His ribs hurt horribly with every gasping inhalation and exhalation.

Deeper he sank and deeper. There was a steady, relentless pressure on his windpipe, now, that was choking him cruelly, inexorably. Now his mouth was full of stinking, nasty mud and water. Finally his nose went below the surface. For an awful

moment just his eyes were visible, staring wildly. Then, with a convulsive flutter his eyelids closed, and his head sank completely from view. As his two white hands were slowly sucked into the insatiable main of the quicksand, another tragic mystery of the Dismal Swamp was consummated.



IN SILENCE

SUSANNE KETCHUM

Silently,
So silently,
The stars came out last night.
I, by my fire, little guessed
That beauty was abroad.
Silently,
So silently,
The stars began to fade;
So quietly the sun came up
In wonder and in glory,
I, sleeping peacefully,
Was unaware
That beauty lived and died
Within my power of sight.

O wise men,
Tell the world,
As I at last have learned,
That beauty is not heralded
With trumpet and with song,
But silently,
So silently,
She comes and goes.

I WAS YOUNG ONCE

GRACE HOBBS

I ain't never been purty—
But I was loved once by a miner named Teddy.
But I was young then—'n I had ambitions—
Marryin' rich 'n all that;
(My Ma always said I'd do it, too.)
Netty (she's my sister) was beautiful
'N younger than me.
She loved a poor boy—Jim, his name was.
He was a cow puncher, 'n big, 'n handsome—
But poor—
“Nell,” says Ma once,—
“Netty mustn't marry Jim.”
(Ma had her eye on a millionaire prospector from Paris for Netty.
He liked us 'n didn't seem to mind if we was poor.)

One night I heard Jim planning to elope with Netty.
Ma didn't know, but she was sittin' by the coal-oil lamp cryin'
when I came in.
She was readin' Pa's love letters.
“Ma,” says I, “wasn't Pa poor always?
Is that why Netty must marry rich?
Ma, she don't love nobody but Jim.
He used to love her when they was kids—
Netty—with her little gold curls—laughing.”
Ma cried awful, but I won.
Netty married Jim.
They're awful happy—Jim and Netty—
In a little cottage in the west—
Out toward the sunset.

I married the millionaire, 'n lived in Paris some, 'n Oxford.
Malven made a good husband.
He loved me, I guess; but he was ashamed of me and my talkin'—

But he was kind.

We was happy (bein' rich 'n all) till he gambled the stocks 'n lost.

Then we came west 'n settled near Cripple Creek.

Jim wanted to help us some, but Malven wouldn't take no charity.

When he died, I stood it for Ma's sake.

Then, I never loved Malven like—like—

Like that something which swells in your throat

When you hear purty music

Or see the sun rise.

These are love letters; yes, love letters from Ted.

Ted was poor then. Now he's a big director out in California.

I ain't never been purty;

But I was young once, 'n I had ambitions.



LOST

WILLIAM EDGERTON

Eric had a poem in his heart—

A poem of thoughts and emotions;

It lay unknown down in a crowded corner,

Struggling feebly, crying for release.

But Eric was a carpenter;

His mind was filled with thoughts of gaining money

(For Eric had a family to feed).

And so the poem died,

Smothered and buried beneath a pile of shingles

And two-by-fours and studs and joists and rafters.

And no one ever knew

That Eric had a poem in his heart.

PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

Coleridge, the Sublime Somnabulist—JOHN CHARPENTIER

You will enjoy John Charpentier's book on the life of Coleridge. You will be surprised how he makes, not only Coleridge, but his friends and associates live again. You will grow up with the poet. Charpentier will take you into Coleridge's home, make you acquainted with his practical mother and the absent-minded vicar, his father, who takes the greatest pride in stimulating the surprising intellect of his precocious young son. You will hate to leave Ottery Saint Mary, Coleridge's birthplace, and go with him to Christ's Hospital, where everything is in somber contrast to the sunny scenes of his youth. You will live his whole life with him, smiling, not quite approving, but understanding. Perhaps you will wish that Coleridge had married Mary Evans instead of Sarah Fricker. At the end of the book you may well mourn with Lamb that a truly great poet is dead.

So well does Charpentier succeed in making his characters live, so understanding and sympathetic is he, that after reading *The Sublime Somnabulist* you will feel that you must

"Be to his faults a little blind:
Be to his virtues very kind."

Susanne Ketchum

Randolph of Roanoke, a Political Fantastic—GERALD W. JOHNSON

In his book *Randolph of Roanoke*, Gerald Johnson reveals himself again as a biographer of first rank, for the book is entirely interesting and entirely accurate. For this work Mr. Johnson has

chosen one of the most fascinating, brilliant, and tragic figures in American history; and he seems to have been inspired by his sympathy with the man to relate his life and career in a fashion almost worthy of him. Johnson strives to show us the man as well as the statesman, and he succeeds to a laudable degree.

Beginning with Randolph's youth, the author points out the many blows by which fate fashioned this curious specimen of humanity. He shows how his education was mismanaged, his most steadying influence removed by the death of his mother, who was the only person who ever really understood this unfathomable son of hers, and his heart made bitter by the crushing of his ideals one by one.

John Randolph of Roanoke (he always insisted on the identifying appendage to his name) was a gentleman and an aristocrat, but, more than anything else, a Virginian. Throughout his many years in Congress, both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, he served his state with unswerving loyalty and devotion, though sometimes his romantic idealism led him along the wrong path. He once said, "When I speak of my country, I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia." And to this "country" he devoted all the brilliant fire of his oratory and all his life.

Mr. Johnson evidently understands and sympathizes with his man far more than did any of his contemporaries; and through this understanding and this sympathy he presents him as a fascinating, pitiable, admirable figure—fascinating, because of his ever-changing fiery personality and powerful gift of speech; pitiable, because of his frequently misguided beliefs which he refused to give up and because of his physical infirmities which caused him so much humiliation; admirable, because of his honor, his courage, his truth, his wit, and his unfailing, blind love for his Virginia.

Manie Leake Parsons

Mon Paul—A. A. ABBOTT

This world in which we live is a great tangled web. Let one string be pulled, and it will affect another on the other side of the world. An event, seemingly almost trivial, may change the lives and fortunes of men dwelling on the other side of the earth.

A sailor raised his hand in mutiny and John Paul, mate, struck him down. Forty years later, hundreds of Danish sailors found their way to "Davy Jones' locker." One act was the indirect but legitimate descendent of the other. In between, the cross seas of chance had tossed the mate from one place to another. The young man embarked upon the high road of adventure and saw life from many angles. He hit the bottom as a pirate and slave. He came very near hitting the top. Throughout his eventful life he wanted two things: to be active and to remain a gentleman. It can be truly said that a more perfect gentleman, in every sense of the word, than John Paul Jones never existed.

In itself, the life of Jones, who was the son of a gardener, whose career affected the fate of four countries, who was the favorite of two courts, who followed the trail of adventure, makes reading of the best. With the skilful touch of Abbott added, *Mon Paul* resembles an adventure thriller of the most engrossing type.

Ernest White

Up the Years from Bloomsbury—GEORGE ARLISS

Up the Years from Bloomsbury is the autobiography of the famous English actor, George Arliss. With due self-respect, the author relates the memorable factors in his life from the beginning of his career. He had always had a desire for acting, but until this incident, had not had the pleasure of realizing his dreams. At an exclusive birthday party, Mr. Arliss' cousin being invited, had offered to bring with him two other boys, with whom he would present a one-act play. But on the date of the party the cousin was sick, and the two boys came alone. In desperation for a substitute for the indisposed cousin, one of the boys suddenly decided that George could play the part. They coached him on the lines, and at the performance, the author says, no one knew that anything had gone wrong.

Mr. Arliss says that it was through his friendship with the two boys that he first progressed in dramatic art. It was through the influence of an aunt of theirs, who was an actress, that he finally succeeded in getting a position in a theatre. At his first performance, which was a very insignificant one, he elaborated his

character until he made himself as outstanding as the leading man. The managers were infuriated with this performance and nearly fired the innocent actor on the spot. In spite of this incident it took him some time to overcome this inclination.

Like other well-known actors, George Arliss had many years of hard work before he achieved success. For an amateur to find a job was not easy, but he kept the many friends that he made during his struggle for success. Through them he finally reached the top.

By the time he received his first leading role he was really an experienced actor. He had played every type in comedy and drama and once even ventured into musical comedy.

"Disraeli" was Mr. Arliss' triumph. It was this superb characterization of the prime minister of England that put him before the eyes of the public. The play ran for a seemingly interminable time without success. The producers, however, were determined that the play was worthwhile, and that it should have an audience. Through the steadfastness of the company and the ingenuity of the managers, "Disraeli" finally got an audience. It played for five consecutive seasons, then toured the United States with overwhelming success.

Following "Disraeli" was "The Green Goddess." The author says that from this he received more personal congratulations than he had ever received before.

To find a succeeding play was a difficult task. After many weeks of hopeless reading, Galsworthy's "Old English" was decided upon. The outcome of the play was doubtful through the dress rehearsal, the author says; but "Old English" proved to be the greatest financial success of his career.

Up the Years from Bloomsbury is a thoroughly delightful book, packed with interest, humor, and anecdotes. One critic has said, and I am sure I agree with him, "Readers who turn the fascinatingly witty pages of Arliss, the writer, will echo the verdict passed upon Arliss, the actor."

Anna Wills



RAVELINGS

I WONDER

ISAAC GREGORY

I wonder if the master poets,
Old Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats,
In writing their immortal verse
Had to regulate their beats.

Or, if with magic, wondrous touch
Without a thought of rule or rime,
They dashed off line on line of song—
Those master-minds, those bards sublime.

I wonder if, throughout their lives,
The gift they had to juggle words
And bring to us majestic thoughts
Would fly away like saucy birds.

In short, I wonder if those men
Who used to write so splendidly
Were really of the same old clay
That makes the frames of you and me.

THE REIGN OF SHEBA

LANE BARKSDALE

OLD TESTAMENT isn't exactly a town, but it consists of six blue-gray houses all in a row and all of the same architecture. The back window of any of these affords a marvelous view of the sparkling green waters of the city reservoir. To the east side lies the Green Hill cemetery; to the north is the city dog pound; and to the south is a cut stone work factory. The cemetery view of Old Testament is obstructed by a small portion of the A. & Y. Railway.

The people of this settlement are a bit dark in pigment and are very hard workers. The elders indulge in but one recreation; that is to stroll through the cemetery every Sunday if the weather is good.

So Easter Sunday found a flock of these Testamentians strolling through the graveyard, gazing with crossed fingers at the tombstones. Among the crowd was Labelia Smith and her Papa—both inhabitants of the first of the blue-gray houses. Labelia wore a wide-brimmed hat abundantly decorated with luscious-looking cherries and grapes, the latter of which had turned into raisins in their old age. Her male parent wore only one attraction—a glowing red tie, which he displayed with all the elegance and fastidiousness of a king.

These two led the procession and were followed by Ganager Jenkins who, unlike her friend, was as black as chimney soot, except for her glittering brown eyes. She was surrounded by Norman, the ice-man's boy, Lucas Jones, Washington Smith, Henry Pinchback, Ida Pinchback, and Sam Llewelyn. Slowly they wound around through the various tombstones, listening to Labelia's father read the inscriptions.

Mr. Smith read them slowly, then interpreted to the children what he read. Labelia, showing off, would run ahead and yell out the names, depriving her father at the same time of the glory that was Smith's.

First she bellowed out "This-here un's Mistah Har'son's grave;

he's de one what used to run de ice-cream parlour, ain't he, pa?" Hearing the affirmative answer, she proceeded.

"That there's Mistah Gug'sinheim's. He usta be our 'surance man, won't he, pa? And thisn's ole lady Far'av; she given you yo ovacoat, didn' she, pa; and here's 'at ole man Drinkwata. He was a white bull, won't he, pa."

Pa responded in the affirmative.

"How come he wah white, pa?"

"Cause de good Lawd made him white."

"Wah he a gunseybull, pa?" echoed Labelia.

"Naw, he was a govunmunt bull, one 'ese here men what's all time stickin' his nose in sumbody's licker still."

"Uh," said Labelia, but for no reason at all, for she and all her friends knew the life history of the white bull.

From the grave of Mr. Drinkwater the procession journeyed homeward to fill their Easter Sunday stomachs with an Easter Sunday dinner.

* * * * *

A month and a half had passed since Easter; and now that school was out, every child in Old Testament was enjoying the good old summer time except Scarlet Tanager. That young lady was suffering the agonies of love and sorrow. At the beginning of the summer all of the village younger set had taken upon themselves a Biblical name. Labelia had adorned herself with the title of Queen Sheba; Norman had received that of Samson; Lucas found himself in the shoes of St. Mark; Washington became St. Peter, because he owned a harp; Henry Pinchback went under the alias of Acts, and Ida under that of Hebrews; Sam was transformed into Judas; and poor Tanager became Jezabel.

Now one morning the unfortunate Jezabel was seen walking the streets, wearing a flaming red neckerchief about her ebony shoulders, and her hand was placed upon her hip as if to say, "Who's the belle of this dump?" Glory was in her heart and eyes as she paraded along, humming a tune of conceit to herself. Finally she arrived at the meeting-place, where she beheld all of her friends gathered around Sheba, who held in her hand a long curtain rod as a scepter. Queen Sheba was disclosing some deep secret to her courtiers when

her eyes fell on something red, something that held them magnetically, something that made her heart beat with joy and her eyes gleam maliciously. It was the red neckerchief. Her little yellow face glowed, and her brain worked hard. It was a case of love at first sight; she must have that red thing about Tanager's neck. Tanager, Biblically known as Jezabel, lifted her nose into the air. Her bones tickled with the delight that comes from inspiring jealousy. She had something Sheba wanted.

Suddenly Sheba waved her scepter, and her clear cold voice rang through the summer air as she said, "Tanage', you dun took unto yosef de name of Jez'bel, aint-cha?"

"Sho, dat's my name," said Jezabel.

"Now Sol'mun, you is my man, ain't-cha?" asked Sheba.

"Show, I is yo man, Queen; dat's jest what I is."

"Well I 'onts tuh ask all y'all if 'n a gal aught tuh flut wid 'nothers gal's man," questioned the queen.

"Now! Who dun dat?" exclaimed the mob of courtiers.

"Dat gal right dare, dat vampire. Jezabel been yu-hooiin' at my Solomun!"

"You's a big lie, you is, Sheba. You's yaller debil," shrieked Jezabel. Then turning to Solomon she said, "Sol'mun, is I been yu-hooiin' at choo?"

"Wal, I ain't heard no yoo-hooiin' fum yu," Solomon answered.

Sheba frowned; then she said, "De Bible's true, ain't it?"

A chorus of yeses followed.

"Well in de Bible it says dat Jezabel yu-hooed at Sol'mun; so you see Jez'bel been flutin' wid my man. And, as de queen, I takes it upon myself to prosecoot dis here vamper. And I moves right now dat we hangs dis here gal. An' I bein' de queen gets what I wants if huh does."

The mob was horrified at the thought of hanging one of its members, but what the queen said was what must be done. However, after a little arbitration imprisonment was decided the better method of punishment.

Nightfall found Judas trying to unlock the chicken coop wherein Tanager stood yelling at the top of her lungs. Once outside, she thanked her deliverer and hurried homeward.

This woe-begone child would have cut all her affiliations with the cruel and barbaric Sheba gang had she not received the news that the gang was to have a picnic in the cemetery soon. Thus it was that poor Scarlet Tanager made arrangements with Queen Sheba to donate the latter a gift in exchange for admittance to the picnic. This present Jezabel was to earn by tending to Daisy and Jim, the cattle owned by the Daltons on the hill.

Tanager, with the aid of Judas, led the cow to her grazing place early each morning, and then led the bull up the hillside, where she placed his stob in the ground and left him till evening. Often she would sit down beside old Jim and caress his neck as she with black tear-stained cheeks watched the children under the direction of the Labelia having an enjoyable time in the village below. So it was that morning after morning she and Judas carried Daisy and Jim to their places and brought them back in the evening.

Finally the day before the picnic arrived; and Tanager, alias Jezabel, presented herself before Mrs. Dalton, who led her to her cast-off box. There Jezabel had said, "I'd lak 'em red uns mighty well, and if 'n I could have 'at old bid spread, I'd be much 'bliged." Her wish had been granted, and she had happily gone her way.

The picnic was a grand success. Labelia directed it according to her wishes. She had eaten her third slice of melon; but seeing Solomon eating his second portion, she yelled: "Sol'mun, bring yo queen dat piece of watamelon for'n she gits yu hunged."

She made a wonderful picture—reclining on the grave of Mr. Drinkwater, all dressed in red except for her bare legs, and munching the melon hungrily. When she had finished the melon, she saw Acts eating a piece of pie. She immediately cried, "Acts, I'm gwine pison yu if yow don gimme dat pie." Thus she gained the pie and lay back with her mouth open, dropping portions of pie into it as she felt she wanted it. Everyone was having the time of his life—all except Jezabel. She was not there.

Shelba felt fine. Her dress was so radiant—so much better than anything anybody else wore; and with these luring qualities she was able to extract what she pleased from anyone. Seeing St. Peter with a peppermint stick, she said, "Saint Petah, gimme dat peppermint stick or I'll cawu——."

She said no more, for from behind a clump of trees rushed a queer but hideous object. It was all white except for four black legs and two vicious gleaming eyes. Sheba looked. Her knees shook violently. Then she turned completely around and rushed headlong into the gravestone of Mr. Drinkwater. For a moment she stopped, then clambered upon it. The white object was infuriated. He began to snort, and Sheba began to scream, "Oh Lawdy! Oh Lawdy—whut mus' I do!"

Behind this queer scene stood a dozen or more little colored children, with mouths gaped and eyes bulging. Each wore a frightened look except one; on her little black face a grim smile was painted.

Sheba, seeing her mob mute with terrified dumbness, yelled, "Y'all cum git dis thang fum heah so's I kin git down, aw I kaw yo gizzard out."

Not a soul stirred except the wicked creature, which was thoroughly maddened at Sheba for hollowing so loud. Sheba, infuriated at the children, shrieked, "I'll hang evy un of yuh if'n you don't git me down fum up heah."

Ida, alias Hebrews, yelled, "We ain' gwine fool wid no ghost."

Sheba was on the verge of another outburst when Jezebel stepped up and said, "Labelia Smith, yu ole yaller debil, you ain' notin' but a ole tu'cky hen buzzard; but I gwine tell you howah yo kin git rid o' dat ghost. Yow jes' th'o' dat red neckerchief and dat dress back of dat graib stone, and be sho yu th'o's it back of dat graib stone."

Labelia obeyed, but unfortunately under the dress was the other of the two red things. It was a vermilion underskirt, and this she could not shed. The ghost creature, seeing the underskirt wave in the breeze, absolutely refused to budge from the spot.

Jezebel imperturbably walked around to the back of the tombstone, picked up her beloved neckerchief and dress, and, amid Labelia's yells and threats she sauntered homeward humming happily to herself.

The next day a little girl without the tear-stained cheeks sat upon the hillside, cooing into an old bull's ear as she watched the children play below.

THE GREAT GROUND HOG DISAPPEARANCE

FOY GASKINS

One of the best known animals of North Carolina is rapidly disappearing. This specimen of animal life is known as the woodchuck for three hundred and sixty-four and one-fourth days of the year and as a groundhog on February the second. This tiny mammal is one of the most famous weather prognosticators in the country. He works in conjunction with the sun on the principal of a sun dial. By looking at his shadow or by looking at where the shadow would be if he did have a shadow, he is able to tell the time, that is, whether it is time to have more or less bad weather. The ground hog is so rapidly disappearing that the newspapers are almost unable to secure a picture for the front page. In fact, in some sections of the state none were seen, and the people were forced to fall back on the weather man to determine the future of the elements. Forthwith, he forecasted "cloudy with rain in the near future" with the result that we have had the best weather in years. All this good weather was caused because the groundhog was not consulted.

Shall we let this most important mammal become extinct in the state? The answer is no! We have a forestry department which sees to reforestation. We have a game department which looks after game preserves. We have a fishery department which restocks "fished-out" lakes and streams. Why not have the legislature form a groundhog department and breed groundhogs with which to stock the groundhog-depleted forests? If the state would secure a pair of groundhogs, at the end of three years, four months, and sixteen days there would be 163,932,341 groundhogs which would completely restock the state, with a few running over the boundaries into Massachusetts. If this were done, North Carolina would be assured of forty perfectly terrible days of rain, sleet, and snow after February the second; and President Hoover, or whoever might be president, could say definitely that the business depression would end in one month.

THE SEDUCER

ISAAC GREGORY

Perhaps you have come in contact with just that type of man. A long-faced, intolerant, "straight-and-narrow" preacher he was. In his rusty black clothes, the pants of which missed his shoe tops by at least three inches, carrying his "good book," and wearing his sanctimonious expression, he was the incarnation of that character which present-day political cartoonists draw to typify the "drys".

Indeed, he was about the driest "dry" that ever lived. In the days before national prohibition he had exhorted his brethren long and vehemently for state option. Later, during the drive to pass the eighteenth amendment, he was even more loquacious and fervent in his effort to save mankind from drowning in the treacherous sea of alcoholism. He was the organizer and moving spirit of the local chapter of the W. C. T. U. As old Bob Watkins, ex-bartender and now dispenser of soft drinks, put it "that ol' parson is so dry it's a wonder he just don't shrivel up and blow away."

"Parson" (everyone called him that) lived with his cow in a little grove of woods near the edge of the town. His wife had died several years before of pneumonia. It was rumored that she would not have died if her husband had allowed the doctor to administer the necessary doses of brandy. Of course, that was probably just a rumor, but it gives an idea of how he stood on the liquor question. So it was that he lived all alone there with just his cow for company.

He came mighty near to committing the deadly sin of having false pride in regard to his cow. Every night after he had paid his various calls and performed his many duties, he would go to the gate in the fence that surrounded the pasture and call his cow. That docile beast would come jogging out of the little copse at the lower end of the field and trot straight to her master. He would lead her to the little shack which served as the animal's barn. There he would brush her hair free of surplus dirt; feed and water her generously; and then, while she munched her oats contentedly, he would extract with dexterous fingers his supply of

milk (the only liquid he touched except water). After his pet was comfortably bedded, he would take his bucket of milk and repair to his three-room domicile. His frugal supper consisted of bread, a little cold meat, and the freshly-drawn milk. He would then read several chapters from the Bible and retire to sleep the sleep of the self-righteous. This routine was followed every day except Sunday, and on that day he went after supper to his weather-beaten, white-washed temple to hold "meetin'" with the faithful.

On a sleepy Sunday afternoon in late August he went home as usual and called his cow. It was some time before the creature put in her appearance. At last he saw her emerge from the little cluster of trees and bushes. She walked strangely, wobbling from side to side a great deal more than was her usual wont. Every few feet she would stop, put her tail between her legs, hang her head, and roll her eyes in the most unusual manner. "Parson" was greatly alarmed for the welfare of his sole companion and led her as quickly as possible to her stall.

In the closeness of the stall his nostrils were assailed by a very pungent yet, to "Parson," a very unfamiliar odor. It smelled peculiarly like rotten and fermenting apples. He had almost decided to go for a veterinarian when he remembered that he was to preach a sermon in just a few minutes on "The Philistines (distillers) that are in our midst." Therefore, he hastened with his milk to his house.

This straight-laced old man did not know what a disreputable character his cow had become. While he was away from home admonishing his flock, his naughty cow had gone on a spree! In a dense part of the pasture where she rarely wandered she had found a still. She had yielded to the temptation and imbibed freely of the intoxicating beverage from a barrel that happened to have been left open by the distillers who were just at present absent. At the noise of their return the inebriated beast had staggered away as well as she could, considering the fact that the ground rose and fell most unevenly under her hoofs. The wayward cow had then lain down to sleep it off. There she stayed, until she was aroused by her master's stentorian entreaties.

"Parson," ignorant of his animal's backsliding, drank as lustily

as usual of the milk (which had a much higher per cent of alcohol in it than does a lot of the stuff you buy for booze). In his haste to get to meeting on time he overlooked somehow the queer smell and taste of his heretofore innocent drink.

He arrived at his church with a light but not unpleasant feeling in his head. His tongue being loosened and his wits being sharpened by the stimulant, he preached as he had never preached before. His words rolled out so fast that his tongue got slightly twisted sometimes, causing his *this*'s to sound suspiciously like *thish*. Overlooking this slight impediment, he roared forth with scathing denunciations of everybody and everything connected in any way with that demon called whisky. Not a soul went to sleep or even nodded that night, so eloquent was his sermon. To deliver his final devastating blow at rum he came to the edge of the platform; raised his skinny arm on high; opened his mouth and emitted, there, in that tensely expectant place the biggest, most resounding "hic" imaginable.

For a moment he stood there in the same militant pose but with an absolutely uncomprehending look on his face. Was it really he, "Parson" Jones, who had let out that fearfully drunken "hic"? Impossible! But, sad to say, it was possible, and as the astounding fact penetrated his numbed brain, the blood left his face, until it was as gray as fresh wood-ashes. Overcome with embarrassment and by alcoholic stimulus, he collapsed on the floor of his pulpit.

It was several minutes before the flabbergasted congregation could realize that the "Parson," the very personification to them of teetotality, had actually "passed out." Then, amid a hum of hushed whisperings, four husky men carried the inert form home and put him to bed.

The next morning there appeared on the bulletin board in the courthouse the following notice:

FOR SALE: A COW
See EZEKIEL JONES, *Parson*

THE SHUTTLE

MANY unique magazines have reached the HOMESPUN publication room since the first of January. The cover-designs of many of these periodicals are especially exquisite and lovely.

The *High School Record* from the Camden High School, Camden, New Jersey, has a cover which is most appropriate for the first issue of the new year. Purple worlds blend in with a yellow background, a design which makes the binding most artistic.

In the February issue of the *Spaulding Sentinel* from Barre, Vermont, are interesting sketches under the title "Once Upon a Time." A small boy, playing with building blocks and trains, is the attractive cover-design; this adds to the charm of the magazine.

Another magazine that contains numerous stories of unusual interest is the *Acropolis*, from Newark, New Jersey. The February issue deals with international life and proves to be very interesting. Some poetry would, I believe, help this magazine.

And now as others see us:

The Blue and White from Providence, Rhode Island, says

"We enjoyed your literary department very much and think your poems deserve credit. The theme of your magazine is unique. Why not brighten your pages with a little humor? Perhaps other schools would like to read your opinion of them as they write their opinion of you."

The Quill from Raselle Park, New Jersey, commented upon the magazines by giving a birthday party for the Exchange; she says:

"Mr. HOMESPUN of Greensboro came just in time for refreshments, which were numberless compliments flavored with some suggestions."

Missemma of Atlanta, Georgia, complimented HOMESPUN by saying, "The poetry is very good, and the stories reveal originality."

We trust we may profit by these suggestions.



THE WEAVERS' GUILD

INTRODUCING DICK

DIXON THACKER

It's flattering to know that at nineteen you have a namesake. (The family informs me we were named for the same person.) At any rate, he's a remarkable child, and he has my name.

He looks like no one in particular—mouth like his father's; nose like his mother's; eyes of his grandfather, and a chin that came from nowhere. It's an adorable chin—round, and smooth, and firm.

It's his eyes I love, however. They're of a blue that makes you think of the blue flames in an open fire in winter. They can be just as soft and delightful as those flames, but more often they're just as daring and darting. They're eyes that make you do things you don't want to do—things that get you into trouble.

Dick is five now and already has a physique fit for a miniature football team. That comes from living with three healthy brothers all his life. His muscle is developed just as it should be in a boy his age—so the family doctor tells us. I think it's a little over-developed; no ordinary five-year-old arm could do to me what Dick's did when I condescended to pillow-fight with him one early morn. A certain spot under my left shoulder was quite untouchable for a week or more.

He gets up before the chickens leave their roost every morning. Immediately he begins to sing. He throws books, slams doors, and, in general, creates a small cyclone until the rest of the household in desperation crawls out of bed to lecture him on thoughtlessness. And while you lecture, he listens with a hurt expression, like a

scolded dog's, in those eyes of his, and you go back to bed feeling like a beast. In five minutes he is singing again, and when the big, grandfather dictionary hits the floor in the room next to yours, you leave your resting place for the last time. It is then almost five o'clock. It isn't that he intends to be the little devil he appears. It's just that his mind is occupied with a million things, and he quite forgets, in those early morning hours, that there are persons in the world who think more of sleep than he does.

When I first became really acquainted with my little cousin, it was his great capacity for loving people that interested me most. Dick loves anyone who is kind to him, and everyone is kind to Dick. His mother he loves with all the unselfconsciousness of his small being. And even I occupy a small place in his heart. Sometimes, without any warning whatever, you find yourself looking into his heavenly blue eyes, and you feel soft child lips pressed against your hand or cheek.

Somewhere on our family tree there must have perched a "Cameo Kirby," for Dick has certainly inherited a love of gambling from someone. Every nickle he touches goes into a slot machine. There would be some object in his putting money into a machine from which came forth candy or chewing-gum or mints; but Dick always picks a coin machine. Probably, once in a hundred nickels, he gets a coin good for—a dime cigar.

Dick has a memory that makes absent-minded me quite envious. Once we taught him a song, which he learned in quite the shortest length of time possible. For days we praised him highly for the accomplishment of this feat and his fine singing ability. He gloried in the praise. He would sing "If-I-pre-tend-I'm-gay-I-nev-" on the least provocation. But suddenly one day he refused to sing when company was there, and we were in need of amusement for her. We were astounded. Dick refusing to sing? It was unheard of. We pleaded and begged, and finally we bribed. For a nickle he sang his song. Two days later he raised his price to a dime, stating that he would sing much louder for the additional five cents. Then one day there was a party at Dick's house, and somebody gave him a quarter. Now Dick is an honest soul, so I, who

was not in the living room with the guests but in the kitchen placing crackers on the salad plates, heard the song quite plainly. For a while I was worried for his vocal chords.

His profits were high that afternoon, and after the performance, I was invited to accompany Dick to the drug store. I went along quite willingly, thinking that for once I'd buy a banana split without the least twinge of my conscience. I did too. But—oh—the millions of banana splits those worthless slot-machine coins would have bought!



DEFIANCE

LOUIS V. BROOKS

*The prisoner stood with his back to the wall,
His hands bound behind him,
His head thrown back, lips half opened
In a defiant cry.
Even the firing squad hesitated a moment
At the proud look in his eyes.*

Give me the guts to be defiant.
Let me go my way ever rebellious,
Ever quick to rise against the oppressions of men and fate;
Strong in the certitude that only by defiance
Can I deterge myself of all the clinging, cringing evil
That mankind, always half emasculate,
Has yoked upon itself.

Give me enough of brutal battle lust,
Bridled by a sufficiency of calm reason,
To walk two-fisted among the entrenched complacencies
Of a conservative world; and turning fierce-eyed,
Say to that world, "Listen, you servilly standing by,

You who bow in easy acceptance
Before your ancient time-honored idols,
Who kneel in absurd ritual at your meaningless altars,
I am here to smash your idols,
And stand laughing astride your altars."

(When they give me back my sneer,
When they, in legioned strength, condemn me
To perish in the fire of their implacable righteousness,
And I, still fiercely proud,
Feel their wall of tradition at my back—
Give me the guts to be defiant.)

There is but one thing more magnificent
Than a man standing forth defying men and God,
And that is a man beaten by men and God
Going down with a proud smile.

